UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Quarter Hour Silence

By FRANK C. DOAN

Economic Justice and World Co-operation

By JAMES H. WEST

Midnight on the Polish Plain

By BRENT DOW ALLINSON

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. XC THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1922 NUMBER 15

HOW MANY PHOPHETS?

How many prophets would ye have, O people?
How many saviours of a martyr-killing race?
How many prophets would ye stone and imprison,
O cruel and blind generation!
Ye have had Socrates,
Ye have had Lincoln,
Ye have had Tolstoy, Buddha,
Gandhi.

Many there be who do pray for a star.
Many in this darkest night of the world
Grovel at the feet of the Most High God,
Begging for a Saviour or a Sign. . . .
Yet here is Gandhi!
Take him to your hearts, O people,
For lo, a messenger whose word shall make you whole.
Take him for your nourishing, O nations,
For here is the bread that shall cure your famines.
Take him into your courts, O lawgivers,
For here is the Law that fulfilleth all law.

Take him into your council chambers,
O diplomats and statesmen,
Who with cold words engraven upon parchment
Do fashion future hells for the weak and the dependent!
Receive him into your congresses and parliaments,
Ye who are spokesmen for those who may not speak;
Link him unto your governments, O rulers in high places,
Premiers, presidents, mayors, kings!
Take him into your churches,
O hymn-singing, enraptured congregations,
Bending the knee to a Janus God breathing Love and War.
Take him into your pulpits, ministers of the gospel
Who make many prayers and are forever mouthing
The sacred word of God
Yet know not that Word when it doth come!

Turn and look upon him, murderers!
Ye who make of the blossoming earth
A graveyard of young men's bones. . . .
War-lords, profiteers, vendors of infamy;
Makers of machine guns, army tanks, battleships,
Bombing airplanes and poisoned gas.
O ye who make a mock of children's bodies
Trampled under the unheeding hoofs of war;
Ye who make a mock of stricken women
Mourning for those who shall never return,
Ye who would pile dead upon dead, war upon war,
Infamy upon infamy. . . .
Turn ye, and look upon this man!

How many prophets would ye have, O people?
How many Christs from Pilate for the rabble?
Still do ye plead for a Sign and a Token?
Do ye kneel still?
Yet here is Gandhi!

King's Feature Syndicate. ANGELA MORGAN.

New Year's—1923! We should think the poor little foundling, cast heedlessly on the threshold of old Father Time, would be ashamed to lift up his head and look upon the world which he must face, or, if not ashamed, then out-and-out terrified. For did ever a new year confront such a prospect of disaster as this which lies before? And yet, is there not something touching in the thought that there is a new fact coming into the world, even though it be only a new span of time! For a new day means new hope, new faith, new endeavor, perhaps new love and sacrifice that shall not be in vain. The darkness could not be much blacker at this moment—the rays of light seem dying one by one. But even in utter darkness, we for one shall refuse to surrender. Within the shadow, impenetrable though it be to human vision, "standeth God, keeping watch above his own." Whatever else is dead, *he* is not dead; and while he lives, the promises of life are still infinite. All things are possible with him! So with the New Year comes new resolve to "fight on—fare ever." How sublime the utterance of Robert Browning in his "Paracelsus":

> If I stoop
> Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
> It is but for a time; I press God's lamp
> Close to my breast; its splendor soon or late
> Will pierce the gloom—I shall emerge one day.

Yea, brethren, we shall "emerge one day." Our world may not survive, but in its place will come a new and better world. Our civilization may pass, as all civilizations have passed before it, but there will succeed in time, perhaps in a long, long time, but "one day" sure, a fairer and nobler civilization than has been dreamed of in the mind of man.

> Our little systems have their day,
> They have their day and cease to be;

but humanity lives on, as God lives on, and strives forever toward its great destiny of Love. Fear not, whate'er befall! The victory shall yet be won!

On one day (December 15) appeared three enormously significant items in the daily press. First was a statement from Washington that J. P. Morgan's sensational visit to Secretary Hughes had to do with a proposed loan to Germany by this country of $1,500,000,000. Secondly came the news that a resolution had been introduced in Congress, by Representative Newton, of Missouri, asking for an appropriation of $70,000,000 to feed the Germans and Austrians who are starving under the conditions of extreme destitution now prevailing in those two countries. Thirdly was the official announcement of Premier Bonar-Law, made to a solemn and silent House of Commons in England, that "Germany was very near complete collapse." To anybody who was

in Europe this past summer, and saw the misery and impending ruin of central Europe, this sudden accumulation of fateful news comes as no surprise at all. The continent is moving steadily and swiftly to dissolution, and Germany and Austria are naturally in the van-guard of disaster. That America should all at once wake to action and strive through loans and gifts for relief to do something to stave off utter tragedy, is all to the good. We hope that the loan will be floated and the gift appropriated, and that this will be only the first of many things done for the German and Austrian people. *But*—what are we to think of the social and spiritual significance of this predicament we now are facing! Here we spent billions of dollars and millions of lives to destroy Germany in order to save civilization, only to discover that in order really to save civilization, we've got to spend other billions of dollars to deliver Germany from the destruction we forced upon her! Can you beat it? Whenever we raise these questions, and attempt to show the perfect absurdity of the Great War, somebody invariably cries out, "But we had to win that war!" *Did we?* DID WE? If so, why is civilization going to ruin because we won the war, and why have we got to undo what we did to Germany as the sole condition of saving Europe? There was a man once who said something about "peace without victory," but nobody listened, not even himself!

In saying that we believe that the United States should extend a helping hand to Europe in her present dire plight, we dissent in no way from the statesmanlike opinion of Senator Borah that this should be done only on certain clearly specified conditions. To loan or give money to Germany without exacting guarantees that the policies which have obtained in Europe since the Armistice and which are the direct cause of the present condition of turmoil and misery, shall straightway be changed, would be like pouring money into the sea to feed the fishes. If the Allied countries, says Senator Borah, "will reduce and adjust reparations to a point which would permit Germany to pay and live, reduce their land forces, ratify the disarmament treaties, recognize the government of Russia, expose the secret military conventions now obtaining between one of the great powers and a number of small powers, waive the right to take possession of the Ruhr, then there would be something upon which to work out a plan of salvation." If not, then there is nothing that this country can do to save Europe. This is sound judgment, and it is to be hoped that it will guide the administration in the determination of the momentous issues which now await decision. America has an enormously powerful position at this time. Her financial resources are what the world needs most. Linked with these is a moral prestige which seems to be as great as ever. If she uses these advantages as they should be used, she is in a position to work changes in ideas and policies which may transform the face of the world. If, however, she is persuaded to relieve Germany only that France and her confederates can plunder her the more effectually, she will only increase difficulties and hasten dooms. Let us help Europe by all means—but on our own unyielding terms!

The Washington Conference of a year and more ago seems every day to be getting more and more of a joke. The failure of France and Italy to ratify the treaty providing for the cessation of naval competition in big ships, has long been occasion for inextinguishable laughter upon the part of the ungodly. But now it appears that this fact is by no means the worst—or the best!—of the joke. A few days ago Mr. Harding submitted his budget figures to an expectant Congress, and immediate search was made for the great reduction in naval appropriations which was promised by Mr. Hughes when he declared his conference to be the most "extraordinary and significant" event in history. But the reduction couldn't be found! Up and down, high and low, it was looked for—but all in vain! In place of a reduction, there actually appeared to be an increase, for whereas in the current year new construction and repairs cost $28,500,000, the new budget of 1924 called for an expenditure of $40,985,000, or an increase of *thirty-five per cent.* To say that Congress was scandalized by this revelation, is stating it mildly. What was the matter? Something evidently was wrong, and inquiry was not slow in finding out what. The Washington Treaty had forbidden the building of big ships—super-dreadnaughts and the like, already made hopelessly obsolete by the new submarines and airplanes. What had the naval authorities done, therefore, but turn their energies to the building of these submarines and smaller vessels generally, the real effectives of our time, and start a competition with other nations doing exactly the same thing, which promises to rival anything ever seen in history. Our latter state, therefore, is to be worse than our former! The net result of the whole business is to leave the matter of big ships up in the air, unless France and Italy really ratify and thus settle something; and start a race in small ships more expensive than and just as deadly as anything that we have had before. Some of the Congressmen are clamoring for a second Washington Conference, to do to small ships what the first Conference did or pretended to do to big ships. But what's the use? Why expect anything from governments that believe in war, and naturally prepare for what they know is coming?

A recent report of the pacifist movement in Germany, received by us from Gertrud Baer, of Munich,

presents facts and statements of exceeding interest. Thus, this movement is today embodied in no less than fifteen separate organizations, of which the best known are the League of Radical School Reformers, the German Peace Society, the League of War Opponents, the Peace League of Veterans, the World Youth League, the Pacifist Students, and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. These societies of course differ in their individual programs and aims, but in the present state of political and economic unrest in Germany, they find frequent occasions when it is possible and indeed necessary to work together. At their annual congress, held in Leipzig this past summer, not all of the delegates were willing to take the stand of the conscientious objector and non-resistant, but they fully realized together that passive resistance and the general strike are two of the most efficient weapons against war. "They were furthermore fully aware," says Miss Baer, "that capitalism and militarism are linked so closely together that fighting militarism means fighting capitalism as well." Strong support was also given to the idea that the intellectuals and the workers of the world can get effectually together only on the basis of an uncompromising pacifism, which will go to the full length of an organized boycott of war. It is encouraging to receive this news from Germany, where a newborn idealism, especially among the younger people, is a kind of balance to the demoralization which is setting in so fast in other directions. UNITY welcomes the opportunity to keep in touch with these German pacifists, and serve as their interpreters to America.

Every new attempt to name the ten greatest men or the one hundred best books is to us an occasion of the liveliest excitement. Sometimes also it is an occasion of merriment, but seldom to the extent just realized in the recent vote of three-quarters of a million members of the Epworth League on the question of the greatest men in history. These bright young men and women named Edison as the greatest of the great, with Roosevelt second and Shakespeare third. Then came, in due order, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Alfred Lord Tennyson, Herbert Hoover, Charles Dickens, John J. Pershing, David Lloyd-George, and Andrew J. Volstead. We laughed right out loud when we read this list at first, in spite of the fact that we were in a railroad train at the time. Then we began to wonder how on earth it happened that such a comparatively insignificant man as Shakespeare ever found his way into this array of the immortals, and why such colossal figures as Warren G. Harding, Charlie Chaplin, Ole Hansen, Martin S. Tuffer, James Buchanan and Mother Goose were omitted. Then we began to get a bit more serious. It was encouraging to note the absence of the traditional "heroes" of the Julius Caesar and Napoleon Bonaparte type; one soldier, and he a kind of "hang-over" from the late debauch of the war, is doing pretty well! On the other hand it was amazing to find that these young Methodists had apparently never heard of Jesus, or Paul, or Luther, or even John Wesley—or were religious leaders excluded by the terms of the competition? More disconcerting was the discovery that these young people, who are presumably church-goers, most of them high-school graduates, and some of them college students, were apparently ignorant of any achievements, other than "Hamlet," prior to the nineteenth century; history before that date was a closed book. This, we may believe, is the education that we are giving our boys and girls! This is the information, and these the standards of value, that we are placing at their disposal! There would seem to be some truth to Nicholas Murray Butler's recent statement that "the spirit and temper of journalism, which may be described as day-to-dayness, is the besetting sin of the present day and generation."

When we read that E. A. Housman was to publish this fall a volume of "Last Poems," we felt the greatest literary thrill that we have ever experienced. While waiting for the appearance of the book, issued at last on December 1, we underwent all the wracking fevers of impatience which we have read were suffered by our forebears when they were expecting a new novel by the "author of Waverly." Certainly in our time there has been no sensation quite comparable to this wholly unforeseen announcement that the author of "The Shropshire Lad," silent since 1895, and already as one of the immortals almost inevitably thought of as dead, was to publish another and final collection of verse. When we got hold of the volume, we sat up till one o'clock in the morning poring over its pages, and they were only seventy-four (74) in number, too! But every page was as though written in letters of gold. To say that "Last Poems" is fully the equal of "A Shropshire Lad" is to speak the highest praise that can be spoken of a book of poetry, for in all the range of English literature, certainly since the Elizabethan Song-Books, there is nothing quite so perfect in form, so touchingly beautiful in sentiment and ideal, as this initial masterpiece of Housman. It seems a tragedy that this poet should have been silent all these years, and now, as his final deposit, pure gold as it is, should leave so little. But it is foolish to complain, when what we have is so infinitely precious. What does quantity amount to anyhow! For the little eight-line poem, beginning "In the morning, in the morning," we would not take in exchange all the writings of all the Masters, Sandburgs, Amy Lowells, and new versifiers generally. Genius is genius, and that's the end on it!

We read in *The Christian Register* (December 14, page 1189) that "plans are on foot to amalgamate six large Protestant churches of Detroit." A piece of news of this kind always fills us with confusion. On the one hand, we know that we ought to rejoice, for here is an instance of church union which lies right along the line of our ideals of community religion. These churches, we are told, represent six different denominations — Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal and Evangelical. We assume that they are located in a single neighborhood and therefore would unite on a community basis. *But!*—why is it necessary that six institutions should become one institution? Why not six institutions still, but organized as six different branches of the one great and central community organization? We can always understand and unreservedly welcome the amalgamation of churches in a country town or rural section which is losing population and especially the virile young life which it is producing. But *Detroit!* the fastest growing city in the country; a municipality which has increased its population from 205,876 in 1890, to 285,704 in 1900, to 465,766 in 1910, to 993,678 in 1920; a place which has multiplied at the rate of 113.3 per cent in the last ten years!! Detroit more than twice as large today as it was ten years ago—and yet "six large Protestant churches" find it necessary or advisable to amalgamate! This is where our confusion comes in. These churches ought to stop competing, of course, but on a basis of increased strength instead of loss. This basis may be present and unreported in the *Register* paragraph which does not attempt to give details. On the face of things, however, we seem to have here only one more melancholy instance of churches utterly failing to keep pace with the growing life of the country.

The Quarter Hour Silence

A New Year Resolution

I.

Five years ago at the New Year season the writer happened to be rummaging about among some old manuscripts in the New York Library in search of an obscure essay of Erasmus. In the course of his search he stumbled upon a pamphlet describing the practice of an ancient order of French mystics. What first caught his eye was the motto of the order displayed across the cover of the pamphlet, a motto reading *"Un quart d'heure pour Dieu."* It was the simple practice of these people to pause for a quarter hour each day to meditate upon the eternal values and forces in human life. On going home, so impressed was he with the psychological soundness and the spiritual timeliness of this simple practice, he printed a leaflet about the ancient order, and sent it out to some of his friends with the suggestion that he and they together make a sort of New Year Resolution to do this thing for at least a year,—for a year to spend at least a quarter hour each day in quiet meditation.

That was only five years ago. But from that simple beginning has grown the so-called Quarter Hour Silence movement which today numbers no one knows how many followers both here in America and in England.

II.

It is a sound practice psychologically speaking. Take, for example, the average man's idea of what he calls God. He says he believes that God is a power making for justice among men. But he doesn't believe that, not really and practically, unless he can and does feel this power of justice at work in him, struggling to make him personally just in spirit and in deed. Or he says he thinks of God as a spirit of love. But his belief is a barren formula unless every day he opens wide the flood gates of his own spirit and lets this larger spirit of love flow in and inundate his arid soul. And the only way to come to this vivid sense of the reality of the great forces that are making for justice and love and things like that is by this daily practice of their presence, to borrow a phrase from Brother Lawrence. Set aside a time in each day. Make a solemn appointment with your soul. Let nothing interfere with that engagement, no interruptions break in upon that sacred quarter hour of meditation. Do this with constancy, day after day, and the time will come when these invisible forces of justice and love will come to possess and cover your soul from center to circumference, as the waters cover the sea.

III.

The experience of these five years has taught the members of this "silent fellowship," as it has been called, some important lessons and certain rules of procedure. We are beginning to work out what might be called a "technique" of meditation. Thus we find that beginners, those to whom meditation is as yet an unknown art, do well to employ their daily quarter hour for some months in reading one or other of the great books of meditation; for example, Marcus Aurelius, Brother Lawrence Amiel, Epictetus, Mazzini,—to take several examples almost at random. Which of these great masters is better to read depends upon the needs

and temperament of the reader. No rules apply here. Then after some months of contact with the minds and communion with the spirits of these masters of meditation a man insensibly gets the idea of meditation into his own mind and spirit. He is now ready to start his own Journal. In this he writes for a quarter hour each day, wrestling on paper with his deepest problems and recording on paper his deepest experiences of the eternal forces at work in his life. And then finally after months and months of this practice upon a Journal of his own he is able to step out alone. Without leaning on any other man's book or even upon his own pen as a crutch his mind can go ranging through the eternal spaces and his spirit can put itself within the eternal currents of justice and love, freely and at will, after the fashion of the great masters from whom he learned his first lessons in meditation.

For another thing experience has shown that meditation, even for the average normal, healthy-minded man, is apt to run into currents of thought which are unwholesome and morbid—morbid regrets over the last, morbid fears toward the future. Or it lures a man away from the workaday world into a world of phantasy, a place of easy escape from the very real duties and the very real obligations of this world of time and space. Unless a man knows how to avoid these pitfalls and is willing to discipline himself by constantly checking up with the real world the seemingly valid and certainly alluring conclusions he has reached in the realm of meditation he had better let this art of meditation severely alone. How these pitfalls are to be avoided and what this discipline consists in may be made the subject of a future article, if the readers of UNITY are interested in the Quarter Hour Movement.

IV.

Our practical purpose just now is to suggest to UNITY readers at this New Year Season that they add their numbers to this "silent fellowship" and make it their New Year Resolution to spend during the year that is now upon us at least a quarter hour each day in quiet meditation, taking account of stock each day, seeing and measuring their daily achievements by the invisible and immeasurable forces of justice and love which are all about us all the time.

FRANK C. DOAN.

The Joy of Life

XX.

I sat before George Inness's landscape—"Threatening." The composition is simple. In the background are the black clouds of the approaching storm. To the right, the stone tower of a church shows clearly against these clouds. On the left, balanced with the church tower, the outline of a factory is plainly discernible. Centered between these, and considerably in the foreground, a clump of trees is hazily portrayed, evincing that ethereal, motion effect which Inness has so skillfully handled in "The Home of the Heron." In front of, and to the right of the trees, there stands a frail, thatched-roof shanty, and before its unprotected front an old man with white locks and weather-beaten face. He is in his shirt sleeves, and has a walking stick clinched under his right arm. His feet are firmly set, and he faces the storm. Such is the composition of the picture, with the exception of the waving grass, and the light patch of sky which the black clouds have not yet covered. It is simple, and the eye quickly explores the entire canvas, but the eye does not tire. With lengthened gaze each object assumes a deeper meaning. There is philosophic content in that picture.

I continued my study, and each minute unfolded the landscape's deeper meaning. Those dark, ominous clouds—what are they but the mighty cosmic forces that control the destiny of man? Threatening? Indeed they are threatening, for in spite of man's attempt to control his world environment through the medium of the church—religion, and all the mystical cults that seek to shape man's destiny; and through the medium of science—the factory which combs in the earth's natural resources and uses them as armor to fortify man against the warlike onslaughts of nature's destructive forces; in spite of these achievements of civilization, man still stands, like the old character in the foreground, perplexed, awed, helpless in the face of universal powers. The clouds are being blown toward the man, the smoke from the factory chimney is being blown toward the man, the trees and grass wave in his direction, yet in balance to, and standing against all this motion and power is that stalwart figure, his feet firmly placed, his right elbow bent. There is firmness in that character, there is determination. He is ready to face whatever catastrophe the storm may bring. So stands the human race.

Throughout the ages man has been fighting against those forces which seem to be against him—pestilence, drought, blizzards, and to a large measure he has been successful. Will he eventually triumph? Will science and philosophy, the institutionalized church and factory, in time enable man to conquer and control the powers of nature, or must these institutions merely represent attempts at control; must civilization be but the crumbling breastworks behind which we stand to face an evolving cosmic mass, as stands the old man in the painting, defiantly, firmly, but helpless and in awe?

This is the question that "Threatening" asked me, and I left the room with bowed head—silent.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

Economic Justice and World Co-operation

Notwithstanding all of the man-induced disasters of the past few years, we must keep on dreaming of what the world might easily be if men would only make it what they might;—perhaps dream all the more, because of the proven sad futility of the horror that was recently tried and found so shameful.

The writer makes no claim to expertness in the subtleties and circumlocutions of political economy and of ethics, but he would like to speak very briefly of these and a few other cognate matters in a very simple way. He recalls that in Romain Rolland's extended novel, "Jean Christophe," the hero one day asks of his newly-found great friend, Olivier, what his occupation is, and receives the reply, "I lecture on Moral Philosophy at the Municipal School." Jean thereupon asks, "Is there enough in it to keep you talking ten minutes?" Olivier answers, "I have to lecture twelve hours a week." "There's no need," Jean hotly responded, "for so much talk to find out what good is. It's only your neurasthenics who go haggling about morality; and the first of all moral laws is not to be neurasthenic. Pedants! they are like cripples teaching people how to walk."

Having confessed his innocence of all varieties of philosophical subtleties, the writer trusts it will not be deemed presumptuous on his part if he proceeds to affirm here, in furtherance of the idea in his opening sentence, that the preventive of all the major ills of human existence—and the speedy remedy for such of those major ills as man still permits to continue—is so extraordinarily simple that it is only through extraordinary wilfulness on man's part that the ills go on, century after century, without cessation. "There's no need for so much talk to find out what good is"—nor what economic justice includes, nor how world co-operation might ensue.

Accidents and occasional cosmic convulsions will probably always continue,—although man in time, through discovery and ingenuity, may largely curb even these. But these are not the major ills of life. Nor is death an evil; death is as natural as birth.

The supreme earthly evil is human selfishness,—with its concomitants, war and poverty. And these are matters wholly and easily within man's own grasp.

There is no possible denial, within reason, of the fact that both war and poverty are results of human selfishness; in other words, of economic injustice. Economic justice, on the other hand, is simply another term for human brotherhood. And brotherhood is but the living of the Golden Rule. In this, all the world might easily participate.

Is this not really all there is to the greatest problem that man faces—that of world co-operation? And it hasn't needed half of Jean Christophe's "ten minutes" to set forth the whole of it,—the statement of the problem, and the solution of it.

Let simple economic justice reign, and immediately war and need would cease over the earth, with the whole tribe of woes they generate. There would be, at once, world co-operation. A few illustrations may show how inclusive this truth is.

For instance, in connection with war there are the opposing contentions of "pacifism" and "preparedness," with their offshoot, "conscientious objection." Concerning the first two, many of their respective proponents frequently get quite hot, while to the prolonged distress of the sufferers under the third, America continues quite cold. Heaven forbid that, while evils remain, heat should cool, or the cold permanently refrain from warmth. But in comparison with the greater problem that waits for fulfilment, both pacifism and preparedness, with their side issue of conscientious objection, are mere incidents in the great world-drama whose main plot overshadows them. Not one of them is fundamental to the vital problem before mankind. The problem above all others, calling for tireless thought and endeavor, is, once more, world-wide economic justice—world co-operation. Without national jealousies—no war. Without war—no "preparedness." Without preparedness—no "objection."

There are also, to continue our illustrations, the very forceful contentions of the "anarchist" and of the "socialist." Except as opportunist agitation, to help in clarifying the air so that the suffocating earth may hope sometime to begin to breathe, these highly interesting, praiseworthy, and often most absorbing movements are mere incidents of endeavor in man's long and painful but growing insight into human needs and possibilities. The vital problem, which includes these and all other problems, is, still once more, world-wide co-operation. And here we are back again to the necessity for world-wide economic justice. With economic justice actively operating over the earth, pacifism and preparedness, socialism and anarchy, with all their contentions, would drop immediately and definitely from sight. The ideas they promulgate would no longer have the slightest significance. Their contentions would all have met a sublime fruition—with much more of good added than they ever dreamed.

So, furthermore, with "crime." Sporadic acts of passion would of course survive, until man, under happier conditions, has attained to more of that self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control which alone lead life to sovereign power. But envy would in large part cease, avarice would in large part cease,—disappearing with their cause. Under conditions where all men had enough for a generous subsistence,—as might easily be the case under world-wide co-operation,—no one would need or wish the possessions of others. It is usually necessity, or at least lack (of one kind or another), that impels to the majority of "crimes."

Were it necessary, other illustrations might be cited,—the conflicts between laborers and capitalists, the eradication of diseases,—what not?—but it would be found that in every instance the cure for all the ills would come back finally to the same requirement, and all would be met and satisfied by its fulfilment.

Under the best of intentions and endeavors however (some will say), a little time would of course be required to approximate a nearer perfect world!

But we have all the time there is. Are we using any of it aright? Europe is going to pieces. The whole world is in turmoil and doubt.

Moreover, in the woful years 1917 and 1918, America did very much very efficiently, in a very brief period, to smash things that needed to be smashed. She electrified and astounded the world in the space of a few swift months. She spent billions of money and lavished thousands of young lives in a

holocaust of successful temporization. Would that she might expend half as much thought-power and will-power, and half as much wealth, in effecting some great and good thing for the world in permanence, as she expended in smashing a great bad thing for a day. She would thus, at the same time, in the very nobility of the deed, be upbuilding and divinely inspiring the lives of her young manhood, as young manhood was never upbuilt and inspired before,—impelling it, not as in those fateful previous years, to a rendezvous with hatred and with death, but to the loftiest love and life, the emancipation of a weary race, the co-operation of the world.

The details of the procedure toward world-wide brotherhood require no enumeration here; they are as self-evident and as simple as the fact that such co-operation is essential if the world is to survive.

JAMES H. WEST.

Midnight on the Polish Plain

Do you know how the Polish plain looks in the still death of winter at one o'clock in the morning under the light of the snow moon?

Listen: A bleak waste of level whiteness reaches unbroken as far as the eye can see, mile after mile. There is neither house nor tree nor bush, not so much as a tuft of pine or sage, to stop the drifting of the wind-blown snow or throw a merciful shadow across the livid expanse of green-white landscape. There is no sound of bird or dog or wolf or any living thing to arouse assurance or excite alarm,—nothing but the faint patter and all but inaudible barrage of minute hail blowing upon crusted snow, like the whisper of ghosts. The sky above is a grey inverted bowl of cloud, brightening into a ghastly aureole of reflected light about the oval moon. Solitude reigns over earth and heaven.

More depressing, far more desolate it is than the sea, for the sea rises and falls, changes, churns into lacework patterns of white froth and foam, grows azure and silver at dawn, steel-grey and mauve and green at twilight, and ever and again teems with supple, living creatures that chase each other and fight and flee and feed. But the plain in winter, whether by day or by night, is silent, monotonous, unreal and unchanging, solid, dead, indescribably cruel and cold. Above, around, below one sees nothing but space and reflected light, hears nothing but silence and the beating of the blood in one's ears,—vast silence, vast mystery, and all-devouring death. And suddenly one grows afraid, closes one's eyes, draws in upon oneself, and turns back to the waiting friend in the sledge in despair. And yet not so much in despair as in a kind of desperate pleasure to hear again the sound of a human voice, to catch the glance from a friendly and familiar face, to feel the warmth of another body, to smell the pungent odor of straw and of the leather harness and of the horse whose exhaled breath congeals into slow steam about his frozen muzzle—to move away over the green whiteness of the snow upon a road that is invisible in the direction of anywhere.

On the frozen waste of this White Russian Plain, or rather in it, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, life nevertheless exists. Not only are there seeds in the earth awaiting the warm touch of spring and the magic light and heat of summer to burgeon and grow into waving acres of rye and flax and wheat, not only are there mice and foxes and wolves cowering in burrows and haunts waiting for the same merciful release from the bitter imprisonment of winter, not only these, but human life as well, human beings in hundreds and tens of hundreds, are hidden below the level ground in pits and dug-outs and earthen cellars whither they have taken refuge from the elements, because the ravages of war and time and the wanton destructiveness of men have left no dwelling standing for them above. Who are they thus hidden away in the silence of this wilderness? They are hundreds and thousands of families of White Russian peasants,—the same fate-buffeted, haggard and unhappy men and women who haunt the streets of Paterson and Bethlehem and Pittsburgh and Gary—who were driven from their farms and homes in tens of thousands by the Cossacks as a deliberate policy of the Russian army which wanted to make a desert of White Russia, and largely succeeded in its great retreat from "Congress Poland" in 1915-1916. Transported in disorder, at a few hours' notice, thousands of miles eastward to the Volga valley, often compelled to lose all their horses and cattle and swine, and frequently losing one another, never to meet again, thousands upon thousands of these men and women, after years of effort and struggle, have lived only to be trapped and broken by the most terrible famine disaster in modern times. Fleeing westward now and surviving by some fortune, good or ill, these refugees have returned in utter destitution to what were once their homes in Polesia and Volhynia upon the Polish plain and finding those homes either gaunt skeletons through which the wild winds whistle or only charred heaps of ruins—finding often that entire villages of their happier memories are completely obliterated and covered by a five years' growth of birch or scrub-pine,—have dug themselves into the soil they have possessed for generations and are living under the ground, victims of suffering and disease and disaster of a kind and a degree which render their lives more miserable than those of their near neighbors, the wild animals of the field and the brush.

Come with me and talk to one of these human derelicts driven by war and famine, broken by disaster and crime; come and talk to one of God's creatures, very like yourself who has never done anything to deserve less than you or I, who has probably always worked harder than you or I,—and in so doing let us enlarge our understanding of the kind of world in which we live, for which we are both in some measure responsible, and which will unhappily remain, all too little changed, for our chidren to inherit when we are dust. Come and talk with one of these peasants of White Russia who seem so strange and silent and indomitable but who are so human, who have a capacity for sympathy and suffering very like our own, who are face to face with death and the impersonal austerity of nature from which there seems no escape, and whose brother, perhaps, mined the coal in Alleghany that warms you while you read these words. Get into the wooden sledge with its basket filled with straw belonging to a little outpost of the Friends Relief Mission here in this white wilderness, pulled by one of a thousand demobilized horses loaned to the Mission at its

request by the Polish Minister of War far away in Warsaw. Button your fur coat snugly around your neck and tie a woolen shawl over your ears; bury your feet in the straw and sit on your hands, for it is bitter cold and we have twelve versts to go.

We are off,—while the sun is still low on the horizon,—off for Maresh where Mavis Hay, our Quaker guide, philosopher and friend,—who looks far more like a female edition of Mr. Roosevelt than like any demure Quaker maid of tradition or of fancy in her fur-lined leather helmet strapped under her chin, her big spectacles and high boots,—hopes to speak with some newly-arrived fugitives from the famine whom other Quaker relief-workers had known on the Volga three or four years ago. She hopes to learn from them how many more refugees may be expected to return to this poviat (governmental district similar to a county) this winter and to learn also how much sickness there is in the village. We have buried two thermos-bottles of hot coffee in the flax we are carrying in the sled—flax which Mavis is going to distribute to the destitute women and children in her village, for these miserable people to spin into thread and weave into durable linen cloth, and so help not only to pass the long hours and days until spring melts the frozen ground and renders it possible to prepare the fields for sowing—if there be any corn or "Bread" to sow—but also to earn money with which to buy black bread and potatoes now to keep the wolf, who is always at the door, from entering and claiming these human hovels for his own. For Mavis not only supplies the carded flax or the spun flax-thread gratis, but pays for all work that is done promptly and thus, as we shall soon learn with our own eyes, plays the role of visiting physician, and welfare nurse, and foreign diplomat, and teacher, and community leader, and what the Germans call so nicely "Arbeitsgeber"—giver of employment—all rolled into one.

It is bitter cold and twelve versts is a long way in an open sled. At the end of two hours of almost complete silence because of the icy whipping of the wind, our "Moujik" chauffeur, looking like a polar bear as he sits diagonally on the board-seat in front of us muffled in his rough sheep-skin coat (with the sheep outside and the skin-side inside) and his queer, conical cap, makes an odd sound with his mouth and his teeth unlike anything we ever heard before and points off left to the horizon, simultaneously beating our faithful horse with the vestige of a whip he holds in his other hand, like a wand of office. We gaze at the horizon: we see nothing. There is nothing to be seen—nothing, that is, but limitless plain with dim woods on the horizon and hillocks of crusted snow near at hand and a few stiff tufts of frozen grass,—a desert of snow and sky.

We veer to the left and in ten minutes come to a stop before the first of a row of hillocks. Without waiting for my inevitable question, Mavis jumps out, stamps the frost out of her toes, pinches her pink nose, and passes around to the other side of the silent mound, motioning to us to follow. We do so wondering if this is some secret cache of food that she has hidden for emergencies when traveling her cold and lonely road when: "This is Maresh," says she. "We will make our first call here and see if Olga Kurylowitch is at home."

In the side of that mound there is, to be sure, a wooden door. "If this is home," say I, "I don't know where on earth else Olga Kurylowitch might be. She can hardly have gone to the movies." "She might have gone to the market ten miles away," answers Mavis rather sternly knocking at the door.

We followed Mavis down two steps or three into the darkness of an earthen cave, permeated with a warm, unpleasant odor like that of musty clothes in a laundry.

Mavis is speaking with a woman in Polish. "Jin Dobré!" we say in our best Ogden avenue accent, and are introduced by Mavis to a woman who sits, barefooted, leaning against the clay wall of a high, rudely-constructed stove such as we have read about in Russian plays and novels. Our eyes growing accustomed to the half-light of the subterranean room, whose only illumination when the door is closed comes from a little window on the level of the ground, we look around us. On a shelf on the wall there are a few earthen dishes, on the floor against the wall a bench, and on the broad top of the stove two ragged children, two little girls, sprawling at full length. Nowhere is there any food, not even any water to be seen.

Presently we observe that both the elder children and the woman are weeping, and through Mavis we inquire the reason. The little girl—Ekaterina she is called—had been to Budin ten miles away, by foot, to beg food and firewood. She had returned—twenty miles—with only a few potatoes and a few sticks and had had only a plate of soup which a kind woman in the railroad station at Budin had given her. Now Ekaterina was hungry and sick and her mother—for so we took her to be, not knowing her story, had nothing to give her—nothing. What should she do?

"Where is your husband?" we asked.

"I don't know," said the woman. "The Bolshevik army took him and our horses and wagon when they retreated from Poland two years ago. They forced him to go with them, to drive the wagon. Since then I have been alone." . . .

Alone—here in a hovel of earth and straw on this frozen Polish plain, alone,—a widow, perhaps,—with two abandoned children not her own which she has taken in to shelter because they have no other shelter and because she has nothing else to live with or for, nothing left in all the world. A widow,—weeping alone, starving alone, freezing alone, with two helpless children here in the middle of this white desert,—was there ever anything more stark, more harrowing, more utterly desolate and tragic? . . .

We try to comfort Ekaterina, tell her we will send her medicine, tell the mother she can spin thread and later weave cloth from it for us, leave her flax and a little money to buy bread and potatoes, say what poor words of cheer we can—turn away and sadly close the door on what seems more like a grave than a human habitation, pass down the cold street—if street it could be called—and go from hovel to hovel, calling on the Dregas and the Kominskies, and on all the other friends of Mavis in that village. And with some she leaves flax and money for work done, and with some she leaves a little medicine or soap, and with some she leaves only the promise of the loan of seed-grain and of one of our "demobbed" horses for two days' plowing in the spring; for there is not enough of anything to go around. And as our adventure comes to an end we feel as if we had journeyed through a kind of animated catacomb and we wonder how Mavis keeps her smile knowing that typhus is lurking ever near at hand

and that England and America, from which alone, apparently, help can come,—as help in some measure already has come,—are very far away.

We return to our basket-sled, uncover the waiting horse, embark and sail for home. On our way the sun sinks, red and feeble, leaving the waste to the barren embrace of night. We drive an hour, perhaps, without speaking; what is there to say? Then ahead of us, along the darkening track, we perceive a small shape and, at length overtaking it, we find it to be two children, a boy and a girl, looking about twelve years old and ten, wrapped in rags down to their feet. We stop while Mavis calls to them in Polish:

"Where are you going?"

"Na Amerika," comes the childish answer from the boy.

"Possibly sometime, when you grow up. But where are you going to-night?"

"Na Amerika."

Mavis looks perplexed. She draws them to the sled and questions them earnestly. She talks with them five minutes, perhaps ten, while the cold eats into our hands and feet. We wonder what is wrong. Finally Mavis leaves off and turns to us and speaks in a civilized tongue while the boy and the girl stare blankly at us with mild blue eyes. She tells us that these two children have, indeed, set out for America, and they are in dead earnest. Their father who went to Pittsburgh two years ago has sent money to the Consul in Warsaw and they have heard about it in some mysterious way, God knows how. We stare at each other incredulously. Not having any money with which to go to Warsaw by train these two pilgrims, like Stephan and his German children of the 11th Century, have started to go, on foot, begging from village to village through the snow,—penniless, friendless, guileless, confident and absolutely unafraid, over the snow and ice of this limitless plain to Warsaw and the American consul two hundred miles away. . . . We are dumbfounded,—speechless with astonishment. . . We take the boy and girl into our crowded sled and drive on. . . Night covers the Polish plain.

When we got home that night, late and very tired, and had had a warm meal of cocoa and canned beef and potatoes and even a tart in that little outpost of the Quakers in the old Carthusian monastery-ruin at Beresa-Kartushka that once saw prosperous days before wars and famine and devastation and marching men passed this way,—after we had eaten our meal and were preparing to go upstairs into the cold attic for bed, I noticed Mavis Hay and her assistant writing in one corner of the room, writing reports or letters of the day's adventures on a little Corona typewriter whose aluminum click sounded very comforting and civilized with the bitter wind howling outside. I went over to her. I picked up her file and asked if I might read her last report on the village of Maresh. And this is part of what I read:

Village: *Maresh.*
Family: *Kurylowitch*

Father: Anton, b. 1870, died at Logachopka.	Daughter: died at Logachopka.
	Daughter: died at Logachopka.
Mother: Olga, b. 1875.	Daughter: Stepanada, b. 1905.
1915 (Summer).	Daughter: Vera, b. 1910.

The parents and four daughters lived in a large new house surrounded by a fruit garden. They had ten *dessiatins* of land, four cows, horse and sheep. When ordered to leave (winter 1915-16) they started very early in the morning with the cart and their cattle. The same day they reached the railroad station at Budin and took the train. There was no time and no possibility to sell their cattle or sheep and they left them all behind. The journey lasted two weeks and was not very hard as journeys in Russia go, although the railroad car in which they traveled was an open one. They could get hot food, soup, or meat and *karsha,* for in some of the trains and stations there were kitchens. Shortly after they arrived at Buzuluk the eldest daughter died of typhoid.

When in the autumn of 1916 we came to Buzuluk, we found the younger girl very ill with typhoid. Dr. Fox ordered her sent to Lubimovka but she died the next day in the hospital. Her death was a great loss to the family because after the elder sister's death she had been a great help to the family. The father had to go to the war-work in the trenches and the daughters went to the home at Mogotovo.
October, 1916-*March,* 1918.

Stepanada was a gentle, refined girl and was employed in the Home as a sort of nursemaid to the little children and was very charming with them. During the winter of 1917-18 she begged to be allowed to learn to read and write and she was allowed to attend the school we maintained there together with the home. The father came home from the army in March, 1918—a strong, fine-looking man who seemed well able to look after his family.
December, 1921.

The village of Maresh was large and straggling. Many houses were burnt to the ground and many were deserted, without windows and doors. We asked for Anton Kurylowitch and were directed to an earthen dug-out. There were several persons in the room sitting around a small bowl of hot potatoes. From behind the stove appeared Vera, grown in the three years, but looking terribly thin and ill. She wept and hugged her old friend and then from the top of the stove came feebly down the mother, looking an absolute wreck. They had been back a fortnight. It was terrible at Buzuluk (in the Volga region). Until the famine they had managed quite well—because there had been fighting in eastern Poland they dared not come away before. They had seen Nancy Babb (American Quaker) in the Buzuluk railroad station and she told them that *perhaps* they would see someone from the Mission here. They had had a dreadful journey back, in unheated freight cars, with little food—and had travelled with the Poloczeck family and with Tatiana Votkowitch who had now gone to another district. I asked where Stepanada was. "Dead; she died in the autumn." . . . Dysentery, they thought. The mother looked crushed and was so weak she could hardly walk across the room. She had no horse, no money, no food except potatoes that people would give her.

"Yes, the land was still hers. She had much land. . . . No, this is not our house; ours was across the street."

Vera led us a little farther up the street and showed us what had been a comfortable little house. The roof was badly in need of repair; the stove was all broken; the back of the house was mostly gone, and there were no windows or doors and a high snowdrift had filled the spaces behind them. . . . In the winter of 1915 father, mother and four daughters had left that house with all the belongings that they could carry because the Russian army ordered them out. Now only the mother, aged and ill, and one feeble daughter had returned.

I laid down the file and looked at my watch. It was midnight—midnight on the Polish Plain. Outside the snow fell steadily, remorselessly, covering the courtyard and our unhitched sled—mantling everything from sight, even the ruined wall of the old monastery. Slowly I turned to gather up my blankets and venture upstairs to bed, thinking as I did so of those lines of Matthew Arnold that seemed so appropriate:

> And we are here as on a darkling plain—
> Swept by confused alarms of struggle and fight—
> Where ignorant armies clash by night. . . .;

Would spring ever come? And when it did, how much would it bring of cheer to these broken human derelicts cowering under the snows of White Russia, now part of the expanded Republic of Poland? Who can say?

Brent Dow Allinson.

A December Fantasy

As the train bore me away from New York, I looked out upon the rugged hillsides with their varicolored rocks—here grey, here yellow, red and brown. The fresh green foliage of the mountain laurel contrasted sharply with the blue rocky bed of the dancing brook. In the east was a great luminous cloud—now hidden by the hills, now in view above the lower ones—and, outlined against it, a huge flock of crows—hundreds of them—flew above the tree tops, and finally settled on the leafless branches of a group of white plane trees. A little pool came flashing into view where every color of the rainbow smiled up at me from its calm surface, and I turned to the west to watch the sunset. The sun, a great ball of ruddy gold, gleamed and glinted against the perpendicular sides of the palisades, accentuating the lights and shadows and the myriad soft tones of purple, rose and blue. Softly it sank, now hiding for a moment behind the hilltops, now touching the crags with gold, now vanishing behind a great bank of clouds, touching their edges with silver, and emerging again with bright shining face. I sat quietly drinking in the beauty of the countryside; the ploughed fields, in the light of the setting sun, looking like patchwork quilts with their furrows of brown, red, grey, and even pink and purple; and close beside them the feathery grasses in all the tones of dusty brown, standing quite erect, their plumes swaying in the gentle breeze. How different, I thought, from my last view of the Hudson woods, in the early autumn. They were then dressed in their richest green with only the first hint of autumn's change, with an occasional scarlet woodbine and the brown gold of the hazel, and the dull wine color of the sumac. Then the view was obscured by foliage. Now long vistas open through the columns of tree trunks, which throw long slender intersecting shadows on the slopes of the hills. Then the ground was covered with fresh wintergreen and mosses, the yellow creeping buttercup, the brakes and ferns. Now the scarlet checkerberry gleams among the once proud ferns and bracken, which are brown and sere. A running stream, a church spire, which I had not seen before, the country homes, seen above the treetops, all give the landscape a different aspect. My thoughts turned still further back, and I recalled these same hillsides in June, when the mountain laurel appeared a fairy shrub with its panicles of blushing flowers, when the blue flags brightened the swamps, and marsh-marigolds gleamed like golden nuggets among the grasses. Then the violets peeped at us with wide open eyes from the edge of the brooks and, snuggled among the green mosses, the hepatica nestled. Now all is changed; the gorgeous colorings of November have passed away, but there are striking contrasts still. The stalwart oaks, white birches, willows still leafed in pale green, their tips touched with molten gold, the beech trees with their silver branches and their tawny leaves, and the crimson sumac or the delicate scarlet of the wild cherry give the needed note of color. Quietly I drank in all the charm and mystery of the December woods, my mind full of strange intangible fancies, listening half unconsciously to the voices about me. Then my gaze turned to the occupants of the car, and I idly wondered how many of them realized the beauties about us, and then I heard a gentle childish voice close beside me, "Ellen, I've made a lovely fairy tale. Shall I tell it to you?" and the answer, in a rich Irish brogue, "Yis, me darlint." Near me sat a comfortable Irish maid of perhaps thirty, gazing lovingly at a bewitching child of ten or eleven years, who climbed upon her knee, from the hassock at her feet. She was a slender little thing, her body full of grace; the golden hair, tossed back from her face, fell in soft waves to her shoulders; her skin was fair, overspread with a faint pink flush, and her teeth small and white, like rows of milk-white pearls. But her eyes! They were liquid brown, showing great capacity for joy and suffering, such questioning gentle eyes as one sometimes sees in a fine intelligent dog; they were fringed with black lashes which curled back and down until they almost touched the lids and cheeks. A beautiful creature, I thought, a fairy being herself, but my first impression was of a child going forth, with high ideals, to greet life, her arms and heart open eagerly to accept all its beauties, and I trembled for her disillusionments, and I wondered what was in store for her. "Well, then," the little one continued, "this story does not begin 'Once upon a time.' It is a *now* story. Look outside, Ellen, at those oak trees. Well, that's where my story begins. Those are not oaks—not really. They are people, great stalwart men—some of them daddies, in nice brown suits; see how serious and important they look! Some of the men are poor, they have no suits at all—how cold they must be—but they look proud just the same, don't they? See those with a few yellow leaves at the ends of their branches? Those are the misers, Ellen, stingy men; they hold out their bags of gold and shake them in other men's faces. See how dirty the gold is. That is from so much counting. And, Ellen, the willow trees! They are the mothers. How kindly they stretch out their protecting arms, as if to comfort the little ones! Some of them are weeping, their heads bowed and their arms hanging sadly by their sides. Here is a wretched one, her scant grey-gold locks falling untidily about her shoulders. We must ask the fairies to make them happy. Those little red trees, with the tiny berries on them! Those are the little children, some creeping, some romping about the hillside; some leaning upon their mother's knees listening, with wide-open eyes, to the fairy tales, as if they really saw the enchanted princess. O, Ellen, they do see her! I see her myself; I see a whole procession of fairy princesses, all clad in emerald green, with tall pointed caps of the same color, and with beautifully carved golden ornaments hanging from their necks and shoulders. Of course they look, to grown-ups, just like pine trees, but *we* know better. And the birch trees—those are their pages, dressed in silver liveries, and they are followed by a horde of tiny elves, in cinnamon brown, some bowing, some bending, some prostrate in their devotion. See the gorgeous crimson mantle they have spread for the princesses to walk upon! Here is an orchard. How friendly the trees look. They are the kindly neighbors, their friendly arms outstretched as if beckoning, and their heads nodding as if whispering secrets." Turning her golden head she caught my eye and hesitated for a moment. Then seeing, I hope, my interest in the fairies and my acquaintance with them she gave me a friendly smile which seemed to include me in her charmed

circle. "Look, look," she continued in a tone of awe, as a grove of stark, plane trees came into view, their white trunks so virile, their branches so graceful—so dignified and rugged, contrasted sharply against the pines and spruces. "How wonderful they are in their robes of spotless white. They must be—yes—they *are*—the priests. See their arms upraised. They are pronouncing a benediction. Ellen, they are blessing *us!*" A sob came into the little one's voice, and her eyes were like dim stars. "Sure, Mollie darlint, 'twould be a poor priest that wouldn't be blessing you. Write it all down, dear, maybe 'twill be a book some day." As the nurse turned in my direction, I caught a glimpse of a face that spoke of hard work and suffering, but patience, and understanding were written in every line of it. "Lucky child," I thought, "to have such a nurse to encourage you in the play of your imagination. I wonder what the future holds in store for you." All was quiet, the little one and I looking out of the windows upon the lights of Albany rapidly coming into view, the nurse busily engaged in gathering up the books and wraps. As they left the train, I heard "Mollie darlint" whisper, "The lights, Ellen, let's have them stars, they make a lovely ending to my tale." Swiftly the twilight melted into darkness but, in my fancy, I saw the little one, still building fairy castles and peopling them with being of her imagination. Turning again to the darkening landscape I felt the benediction of the trees, the stars, the child.

HELEN SWIFT.

THE STUDY TABLE

Some Science

The uniform English edition of J. Henri Fabre's *Souvenirs entomologiques* nears its end. "More Beetles"[1] is the thirteenth volume in the series and the fourth devoted to beetles. The ordinary insect collector has a marked preference for butterflies and beetles and these two groups are undoubtedly the best known of insects. This, however, is due to form, color, beauty—features interesting to the mere collector, who pins dead insects into his boxes, but who knows little about their customs and ways. It is not uninteresting to notice what groups have most attracted and occupied our author. In the series of volumes, so far published, we find that five volumes are devoted to hymenoptera (bees and wasps), four to coleoptera (beetles), one to orthoptera (grasshoppers, etc.), one to diptera (flies) and one to arachnids (spiders). Only one is given to butterflies and it is less interested in the brilliant, striking and beautiful butterfly than in its crawling larva. Since this series began to appear in its English form, the author has died, full of years and honors; and now comes word that the translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos is dead. Much of the beauty and appeal of this English edition is due to him. He was a man extraordinarily versed in languages and caught the meaning and transferred the spirit of his authors with rare skill and fidelity. His translations have covered a wide range of languages, subjects and authors. The volume before us is perhaps the equal of its predecessors in interest. From the many special subjects investigated we shall select but two for mention. Emphasis is again laid upon the difference between vegetarian and carnivorous insects in their food supply. The carnivorous larva readily profits from what is set before him; the vegetarian is finnicky in his taste. "These consumers of miscellaneous food-stuffs are in the minority. The others specialize, some more and others less strictly. One guest at the great banquet of the animal world requires a vegetable family, a group, a genus flavored with certain alkaloids; another needs a given plant sometimes faintly, and sometimes highly, flavored; a third demands a seed, apart from which nothing is of use to it; and others require their pod, bud or blossom, their bark, root or bough, respectively. So it is with one and all. Each insect has its exclusive tastes, narrowly limited to the point of refusing the close equivalent of the thing accepted." One of the most interesting things ever treated by our author is the way in which a host of insects dispose of dead bodies. A thing in itself repulsive and horrible, where seriously investigated becomes wonderfully fascinating. The body of an animal does not lie to be wasted away by atmospheric agencies; it is more rapidly resolved into its elements. Every particle of animal matter is disposed of by a series of specialists, each working in its own fashion. "Nature, the sublime economiser, takes good care that all things return to the treasury of her works. Not an atom must be allowed to go astray." The fly, the burying beetle, dermestes, moth, in turn operate and utilize until naught remains.

Smallwood's little book[2] is a study of man from the biological point of view. It covers a wide field. At times granting no knowledge of the simplest facts to the reader, it sometimes assumes acquaintance with quite complex and special knowledge. It studies life and the laws of life from the single cell up to tissues and the higher organisms, always holding man in view as the ultimate and central thought. It shows the fixity of laws, the course of evolution, the certainty that man is subject to biological laws, has reached high specialization, and is limited in what he is to become. The book is analogous to Conklin's various studies of evolution. It is less restrained than Conklin, less bound by the necessity of according with biblical text, but it has much the same purpose and arrives at the same results. It is badly written. Open at any page, take almost any passage, the statement will be found so indirect and involved as to demand more effort in the understanding than the thought is worth. Thus: "When we find that animals move towards a given substance as bees do towards cane sugar, and are indifferent to saccharine, we conclude that bees like cane sugar," is surely an obscure and strange form of statement. Yet it is characteristic and typical. Beyond all else, the book is a study of disease and a statement of what is to be expected from public health activities. The importance of heredity is emphasized, a thing necessary in these days when sociologists minimize it. The author himself summarizes in the following words: " . . . man has never been able to free himself from his animal relations. In all of the progress of the future, he will have to give good heed to these same factors. It would seem as if the wisest course were to

[1] "More Beetles." J. Henri Fabre. New York: 1922. Dodd, Mead and Co. 16mo; pp. (viii) 322.

[2] "Man the Animal." William Martin Smallwood. New York: 1922. The Macmillan Co. 16mo; pp. xiv, 223.

properly understand just what limitations Nature has placed and then to shape one's activities accordingly."

Dr. Huntington continues to publish his valuable and suggestive studies on climate. In his new book,[3] he has associated with him an active worker in the geological field, and the book is largely geology. It is, in fact, chiefly devoted to a study of glacial periods and theories of glaciation. All climatic variations, however, come in for consideration and a little table of twelve different types is given at the beginning of the book. Considerable ingenuity is shown in selecting nouns and corresponding adjectives to name these, so that neither noun nor adjective is repeated in the table. Clarity is perhaps gained through such a taxonomic trick and if the terms really gain currency it will be an advantage to know that a migration is pleonian, while oscillations are geological and vibrations are daily. Our author has prepared another, related, work, which is now in press, to which constant reference is made for details omitted here. Perhaps it was best to publish it as an independent work, but it seems as if "Earth and Sun" would better have been a volume of this work, avoiding the necessity of constant, awkward, reference to a book not yet in existence. However this is a minor point and largely a question of taste. We have said that the book before us is largely a discussion of glacial periods and theories of glaciation. All climatic sequences are so similar in nature, and presumably in cause, that what is true of one will be largely applicable to others—or at least will show analogy. The climate of our earth has, after all, been remarkably uniform, through an enormous range of time. From the first appearance of life upon the globe—"hundreds of millions of years' ago—there have probably been no *great* changes. Though the idea of glaciation is impressive and its results are evident and widespread, it is unlikely that the fluctuations in temperature have been more than a few degrees in either direction. It is not probable that the humidity of the atmosphere or the composition of the air have ever been greatly different from what they are today. Having shown this really remarkable uniformity, our authors proceed to study the changes. There have been three marked periods of glaciation during geological time so far as the rocks have shown—Proterozoic, Permian and Pleistocene. The extent, the degree, the distribution of glacial conditions in each are studied. The theories that have been proposed to account for glaciation are passed in review and the strong and weak points are brought out. A wealth of information is given regarding historic variations of climate, special phases of glacial periods, sunspot occurrence and influence, terrestrial causes of change, extra-terrestrial causes, the phenomena and causes of earthquakes, etc., etc. Huntington considers solar cyclonic disturbances the most potent influence. He says: ". . . climatic changes are highly complex and are unquestionably due to a combination of circumstances. The point which is chiefly emphasized in this book is that among those several circumstances, changes in cyclonic storms due apparently to activity of the sun's atmosphere must always be reckoned." Between terrestrial weather and sunspots our author finds a clear relation. To what then are sunspots due? The effects of planets, rebulæ, fixed stars, binary and multiple stars, upon the sun's atmosphere are all considered. Coming to final theories:—terrestrial conditions must not be neglected. They may lie in land, water or air. The amount of land, distribution, height, lava flows, internal heat, all may have an influence as to water—the salinity of the ocean must be considered. As to the atmosphere—its amount and its composition may have effects. But the extra-terrestrial conditions are more important, particularly those connected with the sun. We must combine the terrestrial and the extra-terrestrial conditions to secure a full explanation. Changes in the solar atmosphere are reflected in terrestrial storms; a group of terrestrial causes are constantly acting; given certain coincidence and co-operation of these two activities, an emphatic occurrence of glaciation ensues.

Few American rivers combine as much fine scenery with as much historic association as the Columbia. Originating far above the Canadian border, fed by glacial melting, flowing through profound gorges, interrupted by furious rapids, it hurls a vast volume of water into the Pacific. The trip made by Mr. Freeman is no doubt unique.[4] He has gone from the glacial source to the mouth. He is no novice in such travel, having shot the most famous rapids of the world's great rivers, as he himself tells us, perhaps a little too freely. For, to compare places on our Columbia with difficult stretches on the Yangtse is not to give us a clearer idea than a simple description would do and, after a few such references, one tires of undescribed feats performed in unknown waters. Mr. Freeman had a movie operator with him and he gives many humorous accounts of the trials he caused. On the whole they had a successful journey. The scenery was often too impressive and grand for adequate description, but many fine photographs help to a clear idea. Our author knows the records of the early explorers and voyageurs, and picks out much of interest from their narratives. He came into contact with the river men and characters of the present day and recounts their yarns and his experiences in lively fashion. Although the book might be called the racy account of a trip for "scenic movies," it is really much more than that and deserves a permanent place in the library because of its descriptions, its quotations and its pictures.

FREDERICK STARR.

[3] "Climatic Changes. Their Nature and Causes." Ellsworth Huntington and Stephen Sargent Visher. New Haven: 1922. Yale University Press. 8vo; pp. xvii, 329.

[4] "Down the Columbia." Lewis R. Freeman. New York: 1921. Dodd, Mead and Co. 8vo; pp. xxv, 383.

CORRESPONDENCE

Punch and Pacifism

Dear UNITY:

The only scripture which the average orthodox congregation can recite, or for that matter any church congregation, however liberal, is the Twenty-third Psalm. It is so well known that I remember the amused titter which ran through the court room on the occasion of our trial in Los Angeles when the judge, a Catholic, in answer to the request of our attorney that one of our witnesses be allowed to recite the psalm, asked dubiously, "Is it very long?" Our Christian Pacifist group, by the way, were reciting it at the time we were arrested, and on a later occasion when we were mobbed. But this is all on the side.

My reason for referring to the Twenty-third Psalm lies in the fact that it is so exceedingly familiar, the best known scripture in the world. And I have this further reason, that while not disposed to challenge the worthiness of that great psalm of comfort to the high place which it holds in religious remembrance I am wondering if the emphasis of it ought not to be balanced by an equal familiarity with the Twenty-third of Matthew.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

THIRTEENTH SEASON OF THE SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS.

1923.

Conducted in the meeting-house of the Society for Ethical Culture, Central Park West at 64th Street. Doors open at 7:15. All seats free. A new feature this season will be the Community Singing under the direction of Mr. Harry T. Burleigh, baritone, 7:30 to 8 o'clock. Mr. Carl Deis will preside at the organ. The general subject of the addresses (followed by public discussion) will be: "The Teachings of Jesus in the Modern World." The dates, topics and speakers are as follows:

January 7—The Quest for the Original Words of Jesus' Teachings; Is the Record Trustworthy? Mr. Alfred W. Martin.

January 14—Prerequisites for Deciding What Jesus Taught, Or the Key to Interpretation of the Ethics of Jesus. Mr. Martin.

January 21—Jesus and Abdul Baha. Mr. Mountfort Mills (of the Bahai Assembly of New York).

January 28—The Sermon on the Mount. Mr. Martin.

February 4—Jesus and Modern Paganisms. Mr. Edgar White Burrill (founder of the Town Hall Literary Vespers).

February 11—The Contributions of Jesus to Ethical Progress. Mr. Martin.

February 18—The Oriental Christ. Mr. Harendranath Maitra (of the Calcutta College, India).

February 25—Jesus' Doctrine of Non-Resistance and the Ethics of War. Mr. Martin.

March 4—The Precept—"Love Your Enemies" and the Problem of International Relations. Mr. Martin.

March 11—Jesus and Judaism. Rabbi Louis J. Kopald (of Buffalo, New York).

March 18—Some Perplexing Sayings of Jesus. Mt. xi:21-24; xxi:12, 19. Mk. vii:25-29. Mk. v:1-13; xvi:1-8. Mr. Martin.

March 25—The Teachings of Jesus and Our Need for More Light. Mr. Martin.

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Now don't all drop this paper, and hunt up your Bibles to find out what the Twenty-third of Matthew is about, for I am going to tell you. And I know how mystified most of you are from having tried this experiment more than once on a congregation. "The Twenty-third of Matthew?" Half shyly they turn and look at one another as if not knowing whether to admit their ignorance or to wonder why you should expect them to know what the Twenty-third of Matthew contains.

Well, it contains "hot stuff," to use a modern term. It is a flow of molten lava so hot that even at this distance of time and space from the audience to which the words were addressed the heat of it is still blistering. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" But read it for yourself, and then read it again. And then ask yourself the question, "What would be the moral effect upon the churches and the whole 'Christian' community of our day if we could have that phillipic of Jesus recited every Sunday in every congregation of Christendom for the next year?" Does anybody doubt that it would work a social revolution?

I am not suggesting this because I have the slightest expectation that it is going to be done. But several things which have appeared in UNITY lately, and in particular the intimations of criticism of the Editor of UNITY for some paragraphic editorials of a refreshingly out-spoken character have led me to raise the question whether a real morality can be built altogether on the lines of the Twenty-third Psalm.

"Oh, Dr. A," said a San Francisco business man to the pastor of one of the big churches of that city after the minister had preached a "comforting" sermon, "you could do anything with us business men if you would only comfort us." Could you? Or is that sort of talk, however individually sincere, just another and more modern way in which the "unclean spirits" of our generation say to the prophet, "Let us alone! What have we to do with thee?"

I love the ministry of comfort, and the heaviest cost that has come to me out of my testimony against war and social oppression has been the fact that it has shut me off from much of tender personal ministry which is incalculably worth while to me. But none the less do I regard with all seriousness the emphasis of "sweetness and light" and "comfort" and "doing good" as about the most dangerous form of prophet-drugging which modern mankind has worked out. I wonder if the complaint of Amos, "Ye gave the Nazarites wine to drink, and commanded the prophets, saying Prophesy not," did not rest upon some such tactic in the ancient days, some "feast of reason and flow of soul" which a man could carry on without disturbing any of the oppressors of men.

I am afraid of the man who has no sense of humor. He does not seem to me an altogether healthy soul. And I am even more afraid of the man who has no sense of anger, of social wrath. A land without storms has never produced a virile people. Our modern cults of self-complacency and nice manners and everlasting prating about "saying nothing evil, seeing nothing evil, hearing nothing evil," and all that sort of thing, are to my mind profoundly lacking in a real religious reaction to life. They are speeding up our plunge into another world catastrophe. I fear them almost more than I do wickedness itself, I mean obvious, out-right, disreputable wickedness. There is some hope of curing even the worst disease if you can face the facts. But this lying in the name of love, this "God's in His heaven and all's right with the world" stuff when we are swinging into the vortex of another world war,—it makes me sick at heart.

I am glad John Haynes Holmes said what he did about Lyman Abbott. It needed to be said. And there is need, terrible need right now, to uncover the facts about France, more dangerous today than Germany was ten years ago. I believe that "God is love." And I also believe, nay, I know, that if there is a God He is also "a consuming fire." We had a fulness of soft phrases, "comfort," "sweet reasonableness," and all that sort of thing from 1820 to 1860 in America, and we paid for it, and are paying yet. I do not plead for blind anger, thoughtless wrath, reckless excoriation. But mind you, Jesus did not die for reciting the Twenty-third Psalm. It was the Twenty-third of Matthew which cost Him His life. And if His church—no, no,—*"our churches"* that prate about Him as the "gentle Jesus," the "meek and lowly Jesus"—had the spirit of that chapter they might yet do something to save the world instead of singing and praying and preaching the world into another experience of hell. I am afraid of a pacifism which has no punch of uncompromising honesty and out-spokenness in it.

Seattle, Wash. ROBERT WHITAKER.

WHAT TO READ

Books You Should Own—

By John Haynes Holmes:
The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church..$1.50
Is Death the End?..... 1.50
Religion for Today..... 1.75
Is Violence the Way Out of Our Industrial Disputes?. 1.25
The Grail of Life, an Anthology of Heroic Life and Death 2.00
New Churches for Old.... 2.00
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By Francis Neilson:
How Diplomats Make War. 2.00
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By Algernon S. Crapsey:
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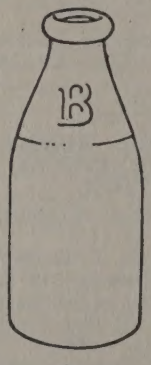

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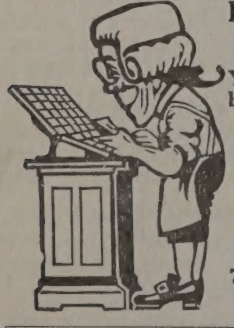

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